Club Sandwich

NO.54 SPRING 1990

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!

IN THIS ISSUE

MACCAMANIA
MEET MARC BRICKMAN
KNEBWORTH '90
RICHARD LESTER'S FILM
LAST TEMPTATION OF ELVIS
B-SIDE BREAKDOWN

Club Sandwich

As Paul and the band take a breather from their extensive world tour, we return with a slightly belated issue which highlights the 1990 concerts. Harry George, our editor of some years, has moved on to other things; we thank him for his work with us and wish him well. Filling in this time are Geoff Baker, Patrick Humphries and Phil Sutcliffe.

You'll certainly get the feel of a band on the road from this issue. Geoff Baker treats us to a 'publicist's eye view' of the press madness, which you're sure to never forget. We meet Marc Brickman, the lighting wizard whose brilliant creations have their origins close to the humble pizza.!... We've wonderful action pictures of the concerts themselves - including the mega-show at Rio's Maracana Stadium in Brazil, which shattered attendance records clocking in some 184,000 lucky people.

Perhaps after following Patrick Humphries' guided tour of the B-sides of the singles taken from "Flowers in the Dirt", you'll be more informed, but it will take more than one reading for many of us to keep them straight! He also takes us through the fascinating pre-concert film made by Richard Lester. In future issues we'll be telling you more about the actual concert film which he is also making.

The Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Charity features in two articles in this issue. Geoff Baker examines Paul's involvement with Music Therapy, which will be among those to benefit from the all-star Knebworth Festival on 30 June. Patrick Humphries takes a look at another venture for Music Therapy, the compilation album, "The Last Temptation of Elvis".

Finally, a word about tickets. As you know, the tour continues on the east coast of America through July, and many members are asking whether the Club will be doing priority tickets again. We were fortunate in being able to offer tickets to rehearsals in New York, the autumn concerts and the second leg of the tour. However, we regret we will not be able to do this for the stadium shows being staged in July. We hope that those of you who still have not seen the show have been determined enough to get tickets on your own to these much larger venues. But more on these shows in our next issue.

'til next time,

Sue

MACCAMANIA

A TOUR IN THE LIFE OF THE PRESS

GEOFF BAKER TAKES US INTO
THE MANIC WORLD THAT STALKS A TOUR PUBLICIST

The Editor, Club Sandwich: *"Write a piece about the publicity around Paul's tour, tell us what's involved"*

Tour Publicist:

"No-one'll believe it"

Editor: *"Just write it"*

At Press conferences for The Rolling Stones, the hacks say "So when are you going to marry Jerry, Mick?"

At Press conferences for Kylie Minogue, they say "Written any songs yourself, yet?"

And at Press conferences for Paul McCartney, they *yell*: "Paul! Paul! Paul! Over here, Paul, sign this will you? Paul...oh please, Paul, pleeeeeeeeeease, sign this. And this. And just this. Just once more. Oh please, ...get out of the way he's signing *mine* first...Ohmigawd, I touched him, I'll never wash that pen again".

It's true. Anyone who wants to witness Maccamania first hand only has to take a peek at any of the Press conferences we've held since the tour began in September. In the old days, when I was hack on Fleet Street, we were only here for the beer, wine, whisky, gin, and whatever else we could swish down gullets. That day is done. The era of the Press sitting back to ask sensible and probing questions has been replaced by near-hysteria every time the Press come to Macca.

If you think the fans get a little out of control at times, you should see the hacks. It's been the same all over - in Oslo, Madrid, Paris, Rome, Los Angeles, New York, Detroit Tokyo, Rio...every time we hold a Press conference they can't wait for us to say "thank you, we've gotta go"

Because that's the sign the Press take to rush to the front of the room, brushing aside security, scrambling and elbowing each other in order to get Macca's moniker on the heap of albums, posters, bootlegs, pictures of Mother, T-shirts and whatnot that they bring by the truckload.

Never, in the 13 years I've misspent in journalism, have I seen the like as Macca's very presence reduces the middle-aged cynical to gushing and scrabbling teeny-boppers.

You wouldn't, as I tried to tell the Sarnie Editor, believe it. But then there's a lot that begs believing on this tour.

Take Tokyo - "We'll have a little Press conference there"' said Mac,"get a few of the lads in".

So two hours before this conference, we're in this large hall near the quayside that Macca is also using for rehearsals with the band and I'm saying to the Japanese organisers "Ahhh, why are they putting out so many chairs?"

"Hai! We have invited many many writers. Hai!"

"So how many will come?"

"Hai! Maybe five hundred".

Fact: Nine hundred and fifty journalists turned up.

Working on the universal truth that everyone on this globe wants to meet and chat with Macca, Press conferences are the best way of staying sane and killing 950 birds (or whatever) with one stone. In more-or-less each state, certainly each country, Paul trots out to face half an hour of (usually) the same questions.

The way things are *meant* to work is as follows: Five minutes before Paul arrives, I meet the Press and say "Hi, my name's blah blah blah, I'm the tour publicist, blah blah. Paul will be here in a minute...as we've got a soundcheck to do, we're a bit pushed for time so we've only got about 25 minutes and then we'll have to go...so when we're getting close to time I'll ask for two more questions and that is it - no more questions OK?" They all nod yes, *of course*, that's OK.

But what happen i this. Paul arrives. The Press stand and applaud Paul waves, sits and sips his tea. Silence. No-one asks anything, on account of their jaws have hit the floor because they can't believe they are in the same room as *Him*.

More silence. Paul still sips.

"Who's first?", we ask. Silence.

"Anyone wanna ask a question?", says Macca and so signals The Off. Twenty five minutes later, publicity interrupts with a "sorry, just two more questions, please". Five minutes later, publicity says "Thank you, we've gotta go".

But they're not letting him go now. No way, Jose. Now questions come thick and fast, yelled over one another, *any question* will do so long as it keep him in their room.

"Right, thank you - this HAS to be the last question". ..

Publicist is completely ignored.

"Thank you...we're going Thank you..ahhh, thank..."

Another question nips in

(Publicist mounts Macca rostrum and scowl) . "OK ladi and gentlemen, we MUST GO NOW!!"

Another question hit

And so it goes until Paul who does like his bit of chat and more likes watching you get frazz with frustration look up, wink at the wobbling jelly you'v suddenly started impersonating and y "OK,

see ya", cueing the end of the chat and the rush forward for his autograph.

If Press conferences are at times a problem to wind up, more problematic is understanding just how the hell the Press sometimes manage to misinterpret just what Macca says in them.

Now you understand English, don't you? Well, you've got this far but then maybe you're just looking at the pretty pictures. Anyway, if your English is crap start thinking about a job in the Californian Press corps. You'd fit in nicely.

Witness this: We're at the Los Angeles Forum, 100 hacks present and Mac has been asked - for the 50th time since the tour began eight weeks before - "Will you ever reform The Beatles?"

"While John was alive", Mac explains for the nth time, "It was a possibility...but it's impossible without John. People have suggested we do it with Julian, well he's a nice kid but he's not John".

So, you understand that means Paul Will Not/Cannot Reform The Beatles, right?

Next question - "Will you work with George and Ringo?"

Paul: "I'd like to. I don't know what. We've had an idea that's been kicking around for a long time about putting together a load of home movie footage that we've all got and putting it out as a movie. Maybe I could write some songs with them for that...but that's a long way off, *IF* it was to happen. I dunno, I haven't spoken to them about it".

So, you understand that means At some possible point in the future Paul *might/might not* record some songs with George and Ringo, right?

So - how come the Los Angeles Press deducted from the two quotes above the following banner-headlined story that ran not only, next day, in the U.S. but throughout Europe as well: PAUL TO REFORM THE BEATLES - 'I'LL GIG WITH THE FABS' VOWS McCARTNEY.

But then even the head-cases who reported that were nothing compared to the genius in Chicago who neatly put Paul at the centre of a gay storm. "What", Paul was asked, "did it mean that most of the crowd at last night's concert were male?"

The Hacks All Roared

Macca, typically, made light of the inanity of the question and quipped "It means you're all homosexuals - but that doesn't mean you're bad people".

The hacks all roared, PRs giggled and Macca grinned.

And then came that night's main 10 o'clock TV news -

"Paul McCartney today accused the state of Illinois of all being homosexual".....

True.

Not that Paul is the exclusive victim of major misunderstanding by the journos. If Paul's humour occasionally suffers in translation, Linda's interviews have thrown up all sort of confusion when the printed word has borne no resemblance to what she actually said.

Take the Hamburg instance. As Paul played host to 135 reporters in the Kaiserkeller - fielding questions like "you look so young, have you been taking beauty tips from Cliff Richard?" - in a back room Linda sat to chat with Haus Frau magazine. Predictably, under the guise of 'women's interest', they asked her how the McCartney marriage had last 20 (then, 21 now) years and did they ever argue.

Of course, all couples argue occasionally, said Linda, but with a man like Paul you've just got to give him enough rope, give him his own space every so often.

Months later, Haus Frau duly published and - as is the way with these things - the story was syndicated around the world. Even accounting for translation problems, the re-publication of the original was an object lesson in tickling the truth and the 'WHY I'VE NEARLY LEFT PAUL' headline that appeared in a British tabloid was innocence incarnate compared to the Japanese interpretation - 'I GIVE PAUL DRUGS TO KEEP OUR MARRIAGE TOGETHER'

Excuse me, what?, we queried. When did she say *that*? As brows furried and the issuing of writs was debated, the great Japanese incapacity to comprehend was explained by anxious Oriental interpreters.

"The newspaper thought it was Cockney rhyming slang", they said.

What was?, we asked.

"Give him enough rope - isn't 'rope' rhyming slang for dope?"

Not quite, me old China (wrong Orient but you get the drift).

(All this is all well and fine, Baker, but you're not telling us how the tour publicity works. We take it you DO work, occasionally - Sandwich Editor)

Sorry. Right, McCartney Publicity - a breakdown.

The tour publicity is essentially over-seed/over-seered/over-seen/over-saw (pick least ungrammatical) from London and New York by Paul's long-time publicists.

In London, there's the lanky frame of Bernard Doherty, a Geordie/Irish cross who calls everyone "love", wears dodgy suits and is a past master of bellowing "this story is ****ing bull****" down the phone at unfortunate Fleet Street gossip columnists.

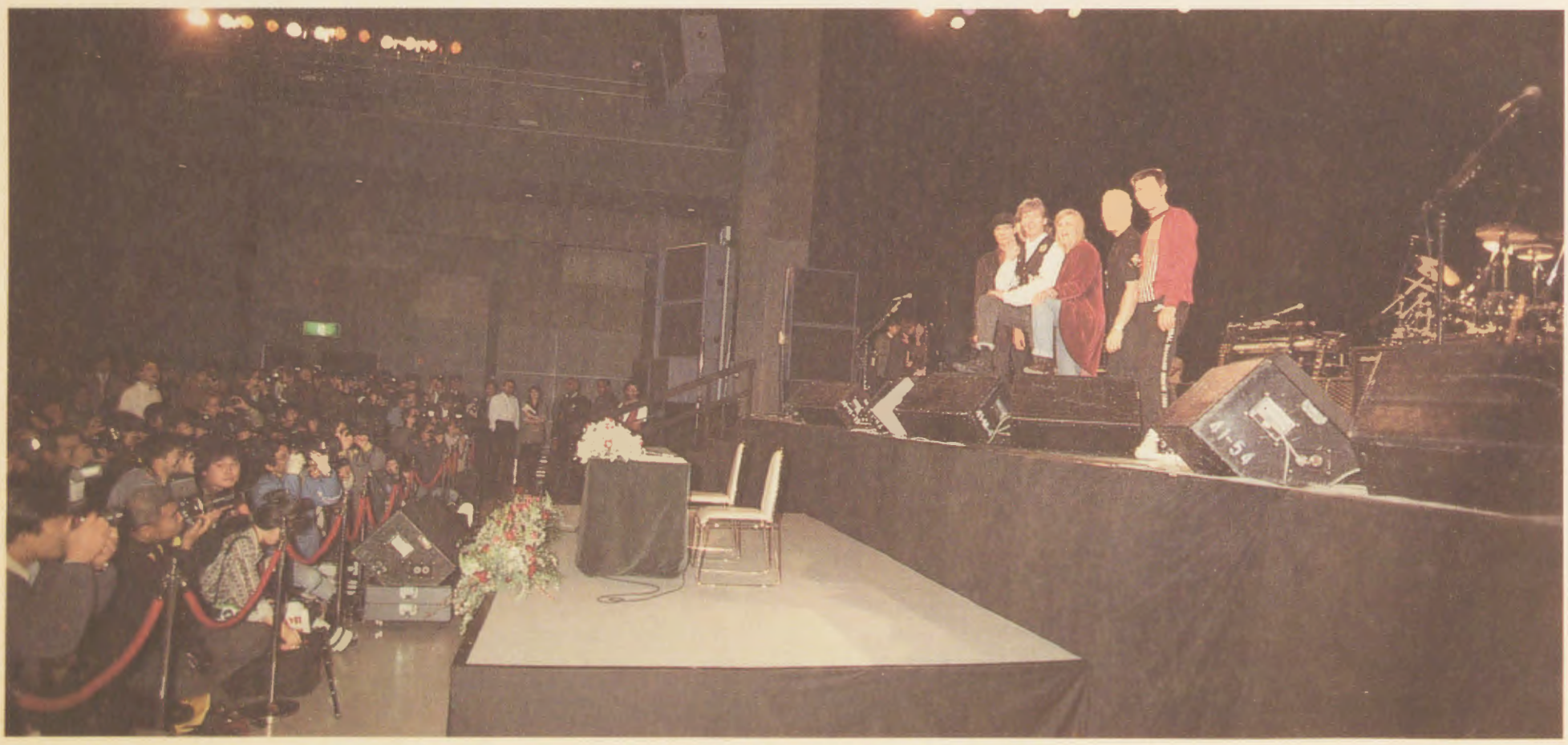
In New York, the same full-time role is taken by Joe Dera; laconic pal of everyone ever remotely famous, owner of even dodgier suits and the greatest stand-up comedian who never walked on stage.

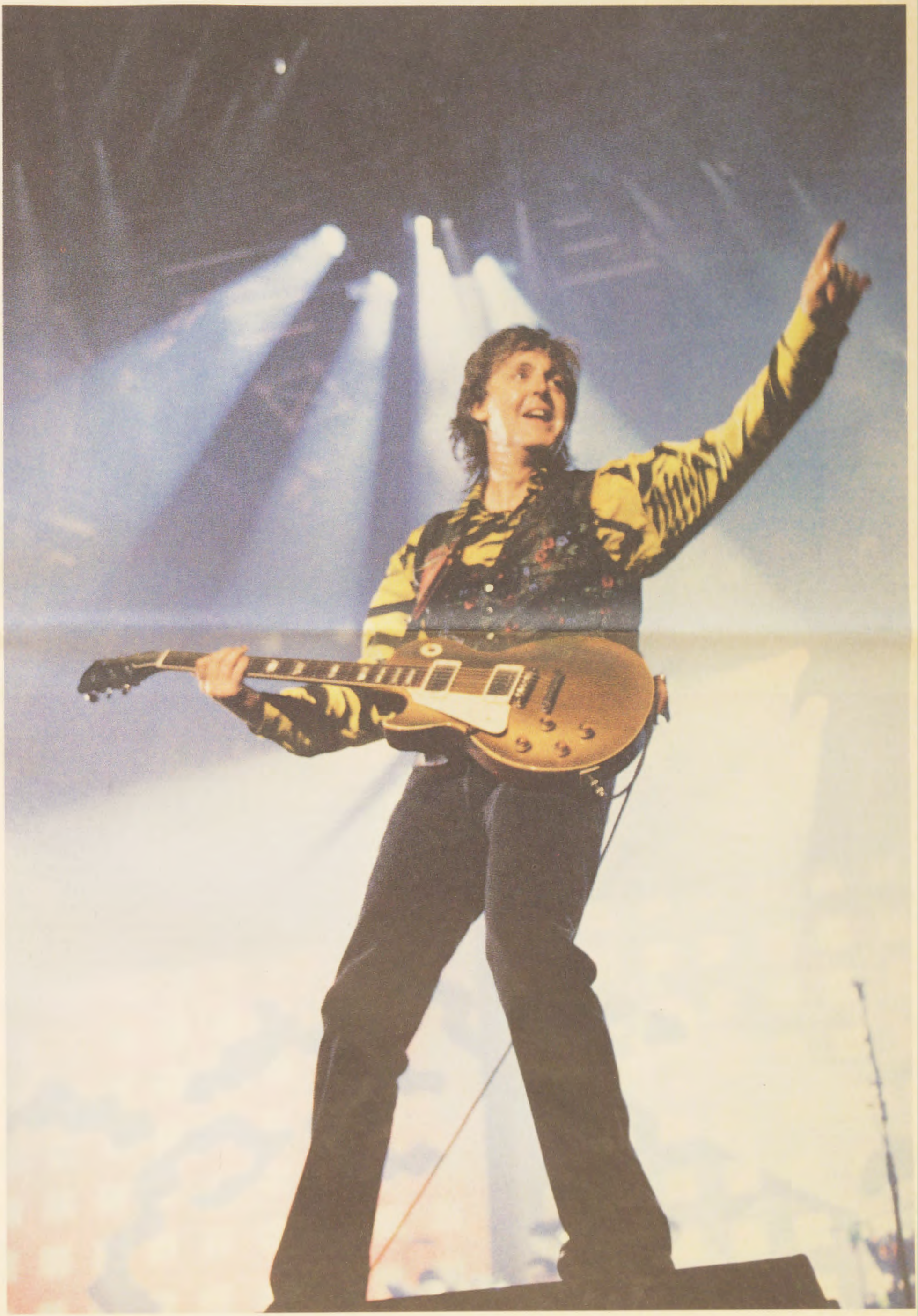
To these icons of publicity come all the requests from every journalist who thinks he's come up with this month's most novel and urgent reason of why he should interview Paul/Linda (understand that *THE* interview that every journalist wants is THE Paul McCartney Interview, as it sells newspapers/magazines/TV shows).

No, Non, Niet, Nein, Sorry

These requests are then collated and passed to Fiona Hurry - the pretty and young (well, she's pretty young) tour PR, ex of EMI, who works under the wonderfully-confusing title of Media Coordinator.

Actually her title should be Media Contortionist as between us - there's no boss in our department, although each occasionally protests the other's bossiness - Fee and This Author have to juggle a million reporters who really, really, really, honestly *must, must, must, oh please, please, please*





want to talk to Paul/Linda/The Band into the half-hour that we only have available for daily interviews.

Most requestees are told No,Non, Njet, Nein, Sorry (Fiona can say "what part of 'no' don't you understand?" in 18 languages now).

If this sounds harsh, tough.

Seriously, although Paul would quite happily chat the day away to most everyone (being that sort of affable bloke) what is of prime importance is that he's left with a voice for The Show because, no matter how great and lofty the reporter, none is so important as the fan in the worst seat in the house.

There's also another view, which I heavily subscribe to, and that's that Paul McCartney is no new act. We are not trying to break him in the ears of an unrecognising public; legends don't need hype and promotional stunts to sustain them.

Besides, the headlines we're getting on the tour you couldn't stunt up if you tried.....

"King Paul ready to re-conquer the world" - The Daily Mail, London.

"Better than The Beatles" - Aftonbladet, Stockholm.

"Simply Yesterday - a history comes alive again" - Volkskrant, Rotterdam.

"Amazing - no maybe about it" - The Los Angeles Times.

"Fabulous, he is the ultimate professional" - Jack Nicholson.....

And there's another thing, the stars coming out. Although the McCartney world tour was launched against the stiffest competition - The Stones,The Who, Madonna, all the big acts are or have been out on the road during our globe-trot - it's this show that the Big Names have been yelling for VIP tickets for.

In Los Angeles, the publicity team almost had a collective coronary when we counted the faces of half of Hollywood crammed into the usually-more-than-spacious VIP room.

Imagine this conversation (it happened): "Uhh, Paul, there's a few faces round the corner in the vip room who maybe you'd like to see"

"Who's that?"

"Ah....Jack Nicholson, Michael Douglas, Don Johnson, Lionel Ritchie, Dave Edmunds, Meryl Streep, Tracey Ullman, Raquel Welch, Kevin Costner, Axl Rose, Mickey Dolenz, Quincy Jones, Dyan Cannon, Chrissie Hynde...oh, and Michael Jackson's on his way with seven minders".

In fact, from a publicity point of view it is sometimes frustrating when you have to balance Paul's need and right to privacy against every nerve in your body that is screaming to issue a photograph that you just *know* would hit the front page.

Which Fleet Street picture editor, for instance, would not have died to have got snaps of Michael Jackson playing Nintendo machines on the floor with James in Paul and Linda's dressing room? Similarly, which TV station wouldn't have wet itself to have been in on the meet backstage at Wembley when Prince Edward left Macca's room wearing a grin and a Mac Is Back cap?

On the other hand, there's been times on the tour when you've wished to Christ that the TV cameras weren't filming because, for a sudden, it felt like it could go horribly wrong.

Like The Riot of Narita (Airport), Tokyo.

The uneasiness began two hours before Paul and Linda flew in for this, their first visit to Japan in 10 years. One moment the arrivals hall was just dotted with the usual families, looking expectantly at the Plane Delayed board, and the next it was high school assembly as dozens and dozens of kids arrived.

"I thought you said they'd be just a few fans to welcome them", we quizzed of Mr. Hameda, head honcho on the Japanese fan club.

"Ah, so sorry - 1,500 have been sent back by the riot police", he said,"We shall only have about 1,000 here".

Quickly, we began telling the totally-unamused cops that they had better put some barriers up for Paul and Linda's arrival. They produced a length of rope.

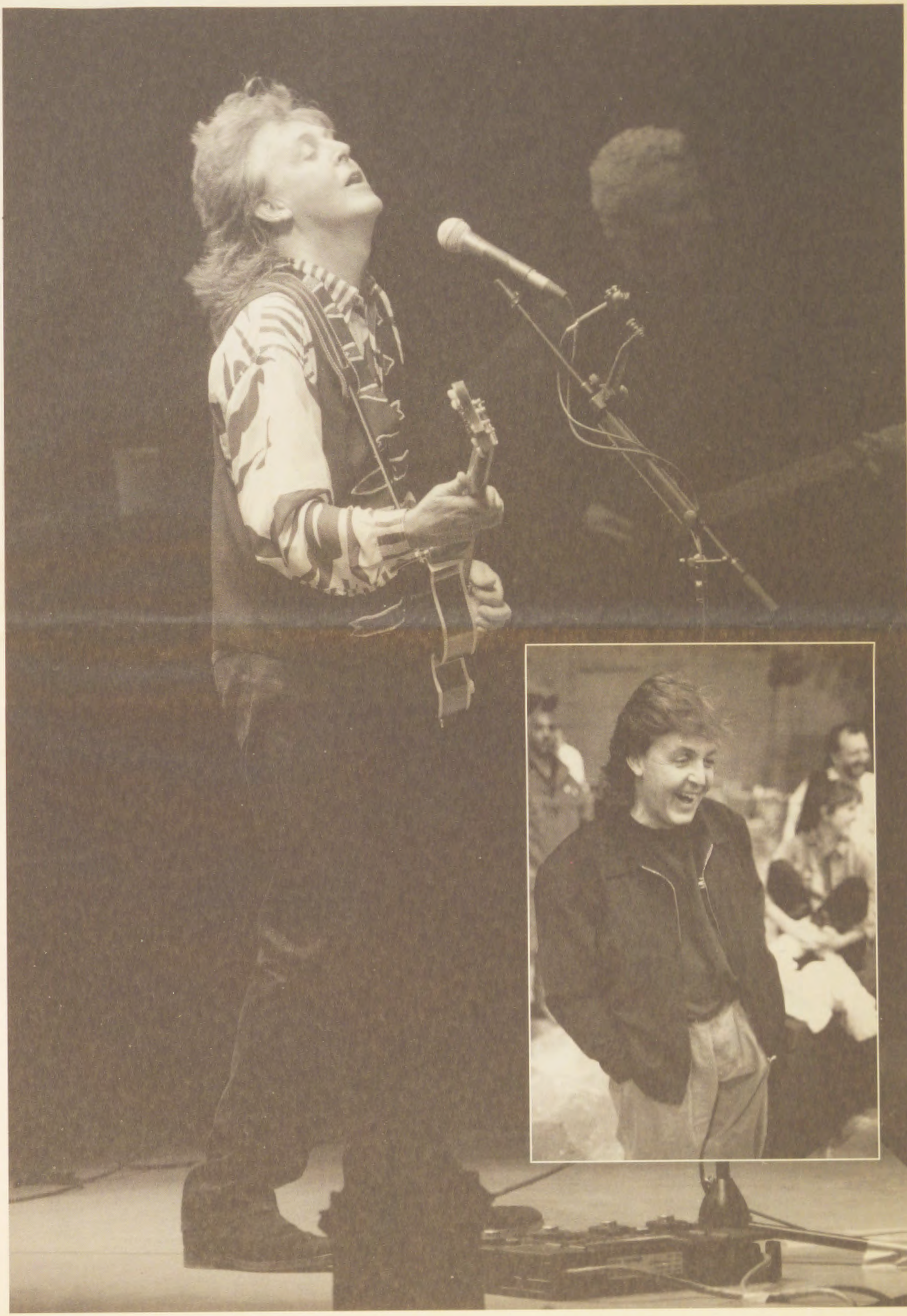
"I don't think", said Fiona, "that is quite going to constitute a barrier".

An hour and a bit later and some of the touring party were starting to wonder whether the Maginot Line would constitute a barrier in the circumstances. "Whose idea was it to invite the fans to welcome him? Is this anything to do with *you?*", said the more sane among us.

"We hope you've got this under control....."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...no problem".

Now you know that feeling when the pit of your stomach knots and you wished you'd never said something? Right, so we got that feeling just as soon as Paul and Linda and James and five security left the



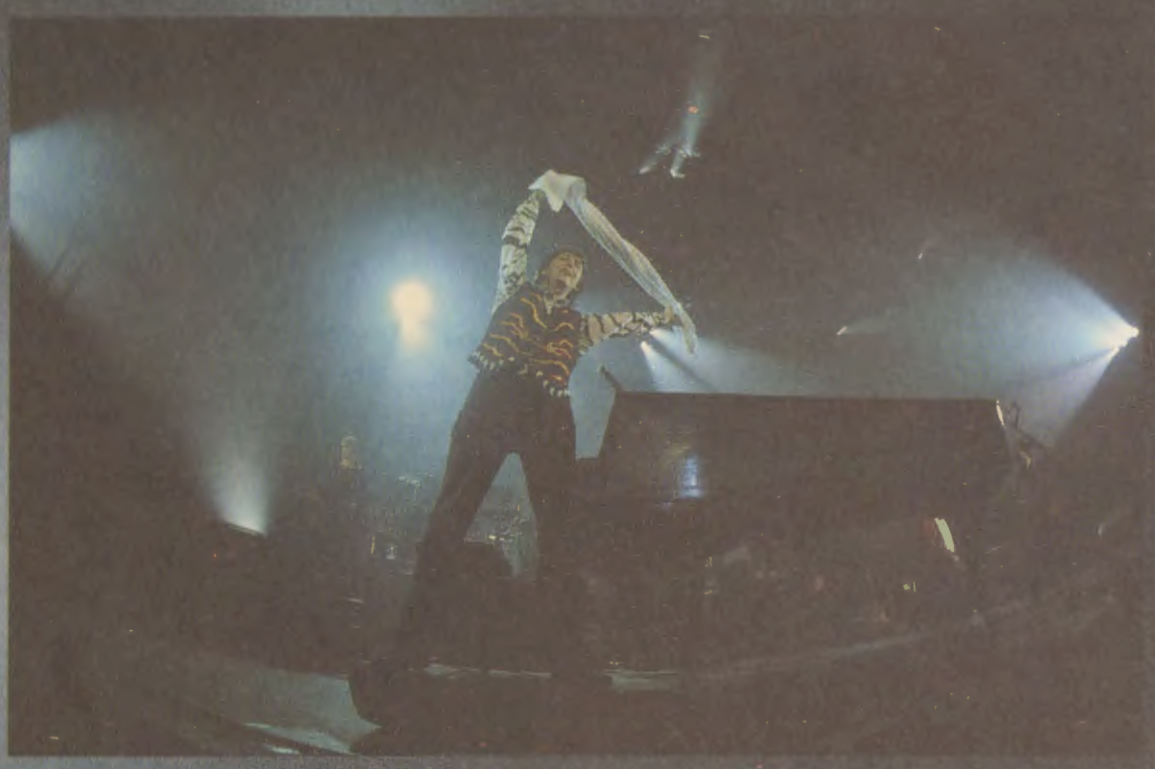
customs lounge, stepped out into Arrivals and the first wave of the fans sent my ribs crashing into a phone-box that until that moment had been securely fixed to the wall.

" P A U L L L L L L L ! ! ! ! ! RINNNNNNDAAA!!!!!", rang the screeches.

SMASH. Another phone-box met its maker as the crowd, now completely hysterical, rushed again; poleaxing cops and wedging us as in a vice, nose-on to the wall. *CRUNCH!* A camera was dropped and broke, then another, then another.Police whistles blew.

Somebody was hopelessly yelling through a megaphone, a lot of *"Jesus Chriiiist!!!"* oaths were being wheezed by security as our little convoy tried to inch itself to the exit,unintentionally destroying more public telephones than on a rowdy night in Birkenhead.

Suddenly, Paul decides it's a really good idea to shake hands with a fan. Like Pirhanas, they're on him, 30 grabbing his hand, arm, cuff and - to my complete and abject horror - I see Paul McCartney's entire head and torso disappear into the yelling throng.



Somehow - presumably because someone Up There likes him - we got through, a wheezing, white-faced, shaken gang, all saying "bloody *'ell!*". All 'cepting one, that is - James Paul McCartney was grinning his ears off. But then he's been there, done that before.

And the publicity angle? Back in Arrivals stood the visibly trembling, ashen-faced frame of Piers Morgan, pop editor of The (London) Sun.

"That", he said, still shaking, "was madness, that was insane, that was....Jesus, that was a hell of a photograph".

In publicity parlance, *that* is Above the Line stuff; filming the event and spreading it worldwide (the Riot of Narita made the Japanese, American and U.K television news).

But bringing Paul McCartney home to the hearts and minds of his public is often a lot more subtle - and done for no more reason than his kindness.

Take the 48 Hours example. On the tour's first visit to the States, Paul had a World In Action, fly-on-the-wall type TV team follow us in Chicago; filming every inch of the show - from Charlie Boxhall rigging up the Horizon theatre in the wee hours, through sound-check, watching Paul clown in the dressing room and Linda and he chatting in their hotel suite. It was good stuff, except they caught us unintentionally out. When we got to see the finished film, on its broadcast, we saw the CBS team had spent much of the two days with a crew following a super-fan, Joy Waugh - an advertising account executive whose only dream was to see Macca once, close up, just once.

Trouble was, we knew nothing of this and poor Joy's only "meeting" with Paul - after she'd gone to the hairdresser especially and got frocked out in a new outfit - was to wave hopelessly at the tail-lights of his limo passing her by.

OK, so it wasn't our fault. We didn't know and - hell - there's always a disappointed fan out there somewhere. Can't be helped.

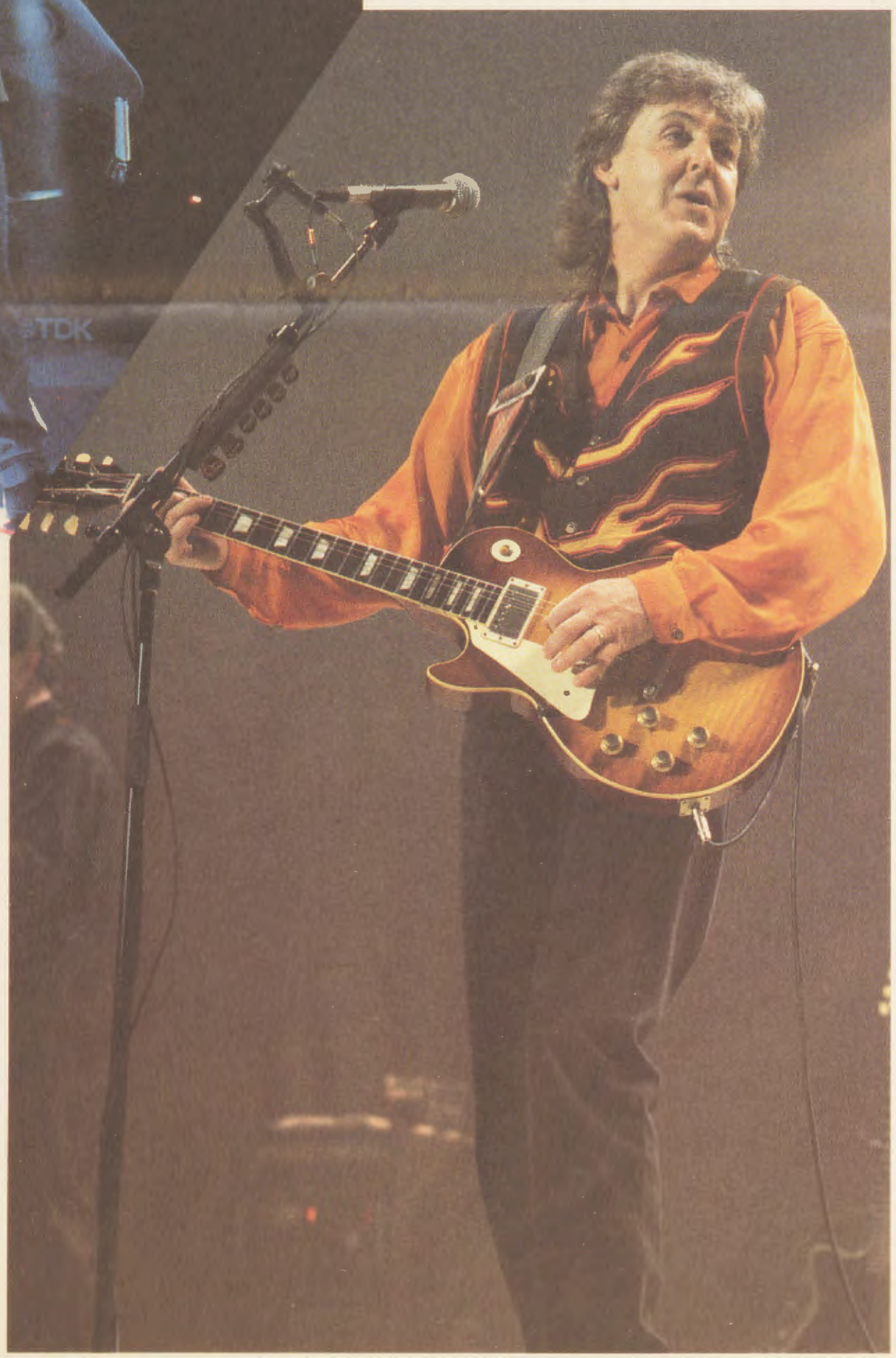
But then Macca doesn't think like that. That woman, he reasoned, is going to spend the rest of a long time wishing we'd only stopped and seen her.

So he has her tracked down - this is two months later, mind - flown at his expense to Worcester, Massachusetts, put up with her husband in a first-class hotel suite, taken by his personal limo to the soundcheck and then he meets her, hugs her, takes her in his dressing-room and generally makes her day, if not her life. And all to make up for disappointment.

There was no publicity in it, really. No front-page stuff. But she went away telling her friends more than 48 Hours could ever do in a month of programmes.

So what else can I tell you? From a publicist's view, the tour's a dream; everywhere we go the tour is huge news, most every review has been esctatic - and when there's been the odd bad-assed comment, like the words of the reviewer of the New York Post, the local radio stations put out bulletins saying (this is true) "this man is a complete jerk who doesn't know what he's talking about".

Mind you, don't go thinking that



because "the tour's a dream" that that necessitates publicising it is essentially easy. Whilst it's true that you don't exactly have to cajole or coerce the media to meet Paul and/or Linda, the job requires you to do without what others might consider life's essentials - like sleep.

The medically-recommended eight hours' kip a night, for instance, tends to go on the back-burner now that Chris Whitten has become the tour's radio star.

Young Master Christopher, as The Boss calls him, has invented his own publicity niche - after the first gig in most towns he likes to invade the studios of the hippest local radio station to chat on the air, taking phone-calls from fans, talking about the gig and playing his favourite records.

It's no problem, unless you like your zzzzzzs; because invariably Chris never gets on the air until way past midnight and rarely leaves a station before 2 a.m., by which time you wanna eat - try finding fast food gone midnight for two vegetarians in the middle of Atlanta - and then return to the hotel and insist that everybody else stays awake to hear what a good time you've had.

By the time we've bent Robbie 'Night Owl' McIntosh's ear to the point when he's pleading 'will you please just go to sleep?', it's gone 5 a.m.And despite our invariable protest that "it's too late now to go to bed early", we reluctantly shuffle off knowing that we're left just three hours for sleep before you're up hammering at the wordprocessor, compiling the facetious tome known as The Tour Newsletter.

This was another invention of Mac's; a daily digest of reviews, interview schedules and tour gossip that means nothing whatsoever to anyone who is not part of the 100-odd rock and roll circus party.

Around 9.30, when you're tearing hair out for the lack of something amusing to write in the Newsletter, the 'phones start ringing.

It's the Boston Bugle - or whatever - Fiona, they say, has given them permission for an interview with Paul at 6.30. Impossible, you say, there's 5 radio stations slotted in around then. Check with Fiona. Fiona has said nothing of the sort. Phone back the Bugle; sorry, it can't be done today. Listen to the Bugler explain for 17 minutes why you are personally destroying his life/career/marriage/mortgage and say how ungainly it is for grown men to cry (I kid you not, we've had middle-aged men break down in tears on this tour when we've had to break the news that an interview is out of the question for lack of time).

Twelve similar calls later and you're at the venue for more logisitic juggling - how are you going to fit in two TV interviews with Paul, a radio and a magazine chat with Linda plus a newspaper interview with Hamish and Wix when there's only one interview room available? Somehow - a nightly amazement to me - Fiona manages it and then there's just a few minor problems to combat; like seven TV crews arriving to film the show's first number when we only agreed space for five.

But, hey, who's complaining? It's tiring, yes. It's demanding, uh-huh. But during every show I watch the critics bop and clap and generally look like they're kissing God through cotton-wool. It's good to be a small part of that.

GEOFF BAKER

MEET MARC BRICKMAN

The raw material of artistic inspiration has never been adequately analysed but Marc Brickman, lighting designer for the Paul McCartney world tour, is quite clear about what fuels his fire: pizza.

'When I'm given a job, what I do to work out the lighting concept is buy about six pizzas, go sit in my car, drive around, play the music, eat and bop – for days!' he says. 'I live with the music and eventually I get the idea. It comes from the gut.' That's pizza power, all right.

Of course, McCartney presented a challenge. 'He's different,' says Marc. 'The thing is he didn't need me: he could show up on stage with a hundred-watt bulb above his head, play a coupla dozen hit songs and everyone would have a great time. But he had'nt been out on the road for ten years and he wanted to give his fans the best show in the world.

'Well, the next thing I had to get used to was that working with him is very collaborative. I like that, but it's highly unusual. With rock'n'roll bands, taking decisions about the show is generally a secretive process, you know, like the star's in this other room with the manager and you're never sure whether you'll find out what's going on.

'With Paul meetings included Linda, all of the band, and the other main people organising the tour. I was really surprised at the open way he conducts his business. What it does is give everyone a feeling of confidence.'

Quite justified in Marc's case it would seem because, when the McCartney tour was winding up in April, he suddenly found himself the most popular lighting luminary around, taking care of major events like the Nelson Mandela tribute at Wembley Stadium, London, and the John Lennon memorial concert in Liverpool. But ever thus it wasn't . . .

'I started out in my homeroom, Philadelphia, sweeping the floors for an old theatrical lighting company,' say Marc, now 36. 'It's one of those all-American stories, man.'

He wandered through his teens fairly free of ambition or achievement, bottoming out when he was ejected from college after a year and found himself with a handful of broom and blisters. But then, when the lighting company came up for grabs, Marc's businessman father bought a large piece of it and installed his only son as manager.

'I got most of my lighting education working in ballet, legitimate theatre and opera around Philadelphia,' says Marc. 'But I did bring some rock'n'roll into the business, doing disco lights and stuff.'

That was his apprenticeship. Soon there came a higher calling - from Bruce Springsteen, no less. 'Yeah, he was the first one who asked me to go out on the road. In fact, I worked with him and Southside Johnny for the next ten years, '72 to '82. We went out with 24 lights in the back of a station wagon, slept four to a room or drove all night to the next gig. A great time.'

Eventually, he branched out, touring with artists like Carole King and Boz Scaggs. Moving to Los Angeles, he founded his own lighting company, Roy G Biv - 'That's the name they use for teaching the colour spectrum to kids in school in America.' (Work it out for yourself!)

From that point he hardly looked back. One particular collaboration that helped to put his name in lights, so to speak, was the work he did for Pink Floyd on the Wall and then, years later, on their post-Roger Waters comeback tour in '87-8, which featured some of the more mind-boggling venues ever to host a gig such as King Louis XIV of France's palace at Versailles.

So what's it all about then, this lighting game, apart from wiggling a few lasers and hitting the right bloke with the follow-spot? And what does Marc Brickman put into it - apart from pizza - to make himself the boffin-star they're all after?

'Heart,' he says. 'I put my heart into it. I've always been a big fan of music and basically I used to rock out with lights the way another kid would thrash a guitar. I mean, I still don't know what I do, it . . . it's real hard to explain.

'Lighting is subliminal communication, I guess. You don't notice it except if it's very good or very bad. But if you went to a show and all you saw was white light for two and a half hours you'd probably be bored, especially when you're so used to cuts every three seconds on pop videos, everything moving so fast. At a concert, you've got a tribal gathering of 20,000 people - or almost 200,000 like Paul just had in Rio - and my job is to help carry their attention through to the last note. I have to make the lighting fit the music, enhance it, not distract from it.'

But that's a big issue at the moment. Over the last couple of years some musicians have become worried that the new computerised pre-programmed lighting rigs could git in the way of spontaneity, that bands could end up tailoring the music to fit the lighting cues.

'I went into this with Paul,' say Marc. 'I told him, 'Don't ever feel the technology's gonna box you in.' I did 750 shows with Springsteen and never even had a set list to work from. He'd tug his ear or twitch his nose or stamp his foot and we'd groove. The people don't come for the lights, do they? No artist should ever be thinking, 'I can't do this number I love because the lighting guy might get mad.' The band is driving the car, not me. If they want to change the set in the middle of the show, that's great, have a good time, guys.'

Time and again Marc will stress that he really doesn't know how he got where he is today and that he can't see his luck lasting.

'This year I'm the flavour,' he say, 'riding the wave. But you just know it's gonna end. I go to sleep every night paranoid that I'm going to be fired. Springsteen fired me, or his manager did. It was very painful but, okay . . . it was one of those times. a lot of politics. I don't make too many mistakes with the lighting itself, but I will open my big mouth. It's not the artists, it's the managers I sometimes have problems with.'

There is no doubt one reason why, just as he's reached the top of his craft, he's hankering for something new. 'What I want is my 15 minutes in Hollywood,' he says. 'I wanna direct, own what I create, be in total control. It's a long, hard road though, and I still get a lot out of what I'm doing now.

'I mean, the McCartney tour was the most wonderful experience I've had in the business. It can be that simple. It gets complicated when people start to grab and push and shove. Basically, it should be you do the job, you go home and have a pizza. Oh, I forgot one very important thing which is kiss my lovely wife and daughter. Then I can have the pizza.'

PHIL SUTCLIFFE

KNEBWORTH '90

THE REAL POINT

There is a child. A little mite of five. The world is a confused blur to her. She neither recognises nor understands it. Colours mean nothing to her, shapes matter very little.

· She doesn't talk, nor seems to listen.She was born autistic.

For the child, on June 30th Paul McCartney joins on stage the greatest assembly of British rock and roll all-stars ever amassed in this country since the glory of Live Aid.

For Paul, the Knebworth festival is more, much, much more than another gig in his current world tour. That 120,000 fans - his biggest audience ever in Britain - will stand and cheer when he ambles on matters not most.That rock history will be made here this day is unimportant.

The Paul McCartney who goes to Knebworth is not Paul McCartney, rock and roll's greatest-living star. The Paul McCartney on that stage will be Paul McCartney, the father of four whose guts wrench for fathers like the Dad of the child above.

To understand Paul McCartney is to understand one thing - that children matter most to him. And it grieves him that whilst he has happy, healthy kids, others live with the pain of the hope that one day, maybe, their child might laugh.

"Part of the reason I'm doing Knebworth is because I'm a father", says Paul.

"I'm very sensitive to my kids and their needs and when I see those parents at The Centre, I think 'There but for the grace of God go I....'"

'The Centre' is the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Centre, for which the Knebworth charity festival is being largely staged.

At its London base staff spend taxing hour after hour trying to reach the autistic, handicapped and disturbed children through the magic of music. And that's not being glib, somehow - magically - music can draw out partly into the world,the children from their disabilities.

For Paul, there's no question that this 'treatment' works. He learnt that first-hand when, taking only an acoustic guitar, he visited the children, sat on the floor and played to them and left marvelling at the results.

"Before I went there I didn't really think this idea of the music

therapy was up to much", he says.

"But I learnt that music actually does motivate retarded people, it seems to reach them much better than the spoken word can.

"It was put to me that when you are talking to autistic people it's like talking to someone from the end of a long tunnel. If you say 'hello', they see a person a long way down the tunnel saying 'hello' and they ignore it.

"But if they hear a cymbal, it catches their attention, they look for the sound and you can involve them. Whereas just speech makes it very difficult to involve these children, because they are used to withdrawing from it, they are much less used to withdrawing from music.

"I've got a hunch that the whole power of music is very unusual, much more so than perhaps we imagine.

"After all, music is only a series of vibrations. All sound is vibration, you tune a piano to 440 vibrations per whatever. The A note is merely a certain amount of vibrations and so is the E note. But there is something mystical behind it - like, if it's just vibrations why does it affect us so deeply?

"Why is it, when these vibrations are played in a certain series to give the impression of trickling water, why can we actually see a running stream in our minds?"

It was Paul's own wonder at the mystic power of what has been the base of a 30-year career that drew him close to the children at the Nordoff-Robbins centre.

They, after all, had no idea *who* he was. They weren't impressed by the presence of such a star. Paul met them raw; neither his talent nor his legend - he knew - would impress them. And, he admits, the prospect of such a virgin audience was daunting.

"Sitting with those children on the floor was just like being at a playgroup"' he says.

"And it was like no performance I'd ever given before. I was pretty nervous - just because of the thought that these kids could just ignore me. They are not like a paying audience, it could have ended up with them all sitting over in the corner and me on the other side of the room.

"But in actual fact, the opposite happened and this guitar, this simple piece of wood with a hole in it, attracted them in much the same way as the early sounds of rock and roll attracted me back in my childhood.

"By the end of it, the kids were all over me and their parents just looked so happy to see their children invóvled and motivated.

"Unless you are the parent of an autistic or disturbed child, you cannot possibly imagine the hope it can give to see that child of your's reacting after such long bouts of ostensible indifference.

"And what they say about it is that when the parents take their kids home, if the kids have been playing around with a drum or a tambourine, then when they get home they will pick up a knife and fork and start playing with them - and that is the start of teaching them to use a knife and fork, items that they otherwise would normally see no significance in".

Paul's empathy with children is remarkable to watch. With him, the youngest always bring the greatest delight.

During the McCartney Tour's recent visit to Japan, he was celebrated all over as some form of Sun King; fans rioted at Tokyo airport on his arrival, 950 journalists attended his Press conference and the crowds stood and cheered the longest and loudest of any audience this tour.

But in the midst of this total adulation, his greatest pleasure came when a primary school invited him to to visit and plant a tree in their playground. The children garlanded him and Linda, sang to him, danced for him - he joined in the Japanese jigging - and he left looking the happiest man in Tokyo.

It's not that he's childlike, let alone childish, in his outlook. But Paul McCartney retains an innocence in his vision that most others lose as they grow up.

"I find a lot in common with these kids", he insists.

"Because I'm musically dyslexic. I can't notate music. If you showed me a score of *Yesterday* written out I wouldn't know what it was unless it had the title on it.

"Even now, I still can't write music. All those dots on a page don't look like music to me , because to me music is much more colourful than that. I don't know what all that EGBDF is, I don't understand it and I don't communicate on that level - I communicate more on the level that these kids at the centre do. I just react to music".

The Knebworth festival will raise around $10 million for the needy. Half will go to the Nordoff-Robbins centre and the remainder to the BRIT School for Performing Arts, a college that encourages and trains the young showbusiness talent of tomorrow.

With TV rights already sold, the show - which will star, among others, Eric Clapton, Phil Collins, Tears For Fears, The Who, Pink Floyd, Genesis, Cliff Richard, Elton John , Mark Knopfler and Status Quo - will be seen by audiences all around the world.

It will be THE rock event of the Nineties, but more importantly to the stars taking part maybe some of *The Songs That Changed The World* will reach the little ones who only now, through music therapy, are learning the joy that we've lived with for granted.

For once, the real stars of the day *won't* be on the stage. But they'll be in the hearts of those who are.

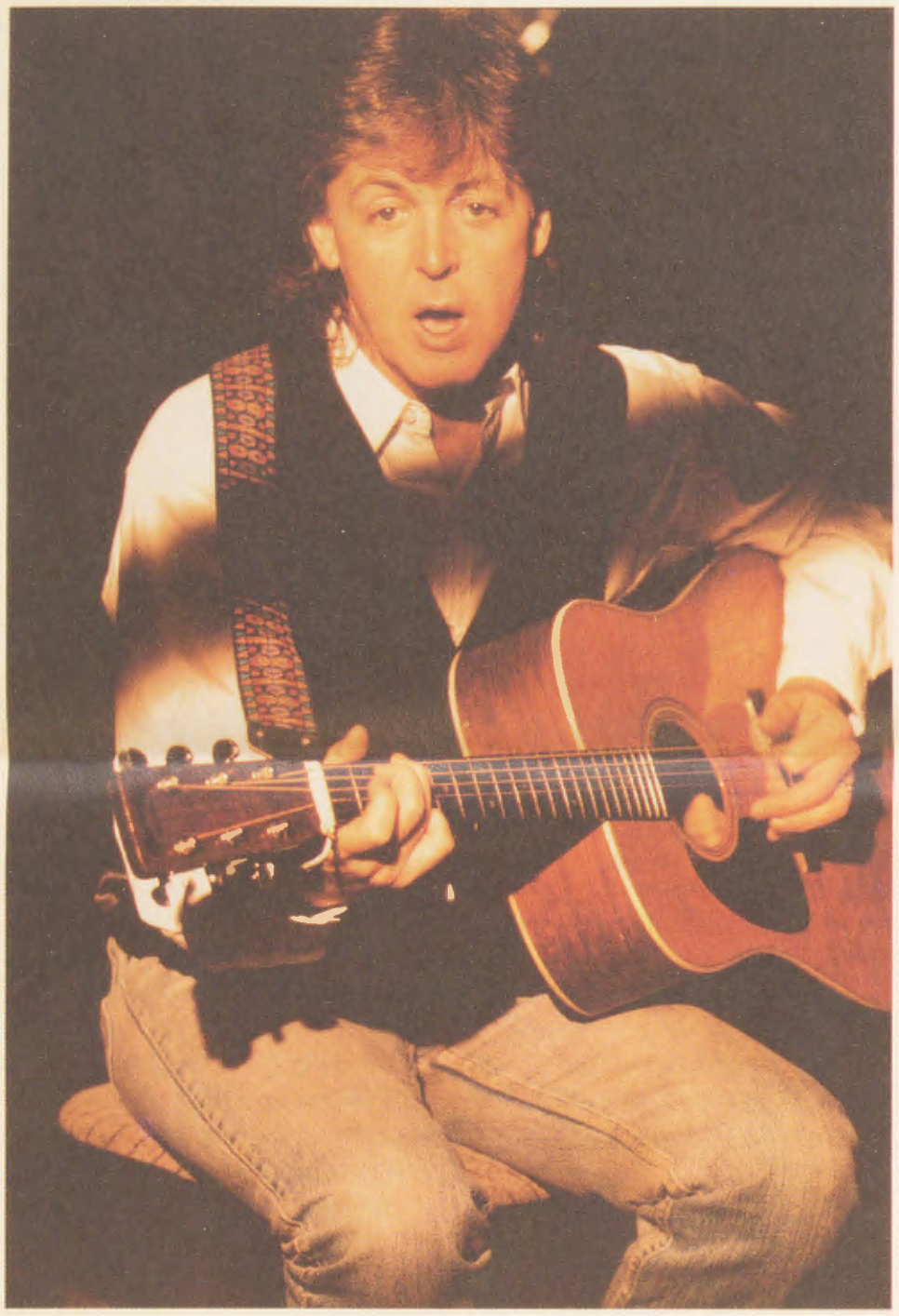
As Paul says: "If you add it all up, all the fame, the success and the years I've had of both, it doesn't compare to your kids, does it?

GEOFF BAKER

OH I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE B-SIDE!

A LOOK AT THE RARITIES BEHIND SOME OF PAUL'S RECENT HITS

Things have certainly changed since Paul McCartney and his three mates cut the first Beatles album PLEASE, PLEASE ME in a day! As Paul is one of the people responsible for making all those changes, it's no surprise to see him keeping pace with the pop music industry as it enters its fifth decade. Buoyed by the critical acclaim heaped on FLOWERS IN THE DIRT, Paul ensured that every single lifted from his album had a little something else for fans. But the story really begins long before the album was released in June 1989.



In hindsight, 1987 proved a crucial year for Paul: the release of the double Greatest Hits ALL THE BEST neatly collected his best work with Wings and tidied up all his other non-album solo recording. With the past safely bundled up, Paul began searching round for musical collaborators to work towards his future. In Elvis Costello, Paul found his most rewarding partner in years, and the fruits of that collaboration can, of course, be found on FLOWERS IN THE DIRT as well as Elvis' SPIKE album. 1987 also saw the beginning of Paul's occasional jams with sympathetic fellow musicians, which led to the recording and release of CHOBA B CCP in 1988.

From those spontaneous jams came the desire for Paul to form a band and get out on the road and play. Once the idea was fixed in his mind, Paul was determined that the new album would be as good as he could make it to coincide with the tour - and when Paul McCartney decides to make an album that'll push him to the limits of his creative energy, then stand aside and watch those sparks fly!

Those 1988 sessions for FLOWERS IN THE DIRT went, if anything, too well! By the end of the year, there were just too many songs to fit on an album, and even allowing for the generous 70 minutes maximum a Compact Disc allows, it was going to be a tight fit. Long hours and sweaty brows sifting through the final running order resulted in the 12 song vinyl album and 13 track cassette and CD FLOWERS IN THE DIRT.

It isn't only the nature of recording which has changed since Paul's rock'n'roll heroes like Buddy Holly and Fats Domino laid down the foundations of rock history in prehistoric little 2-track studios back in the 1950s. The record industry itself has changed, again largely thanks to Paul and The Beatles. A determination to ensure maximum value for money meant that few of The Beatles' classic singles ever appeared on an album during the 1960s. The 1970s though saw that hits had to be on albums, and the 1980s ensured that albums were often little more than vehicles for singles. The commercial introduction of CDs in 1983 saw another chapter written in the marketing of pop music, and as we enter the 1990s, it looks as if, sadly, the obituary for the 7" vinyl pop single has been written. Paul himself is sorry to see the single go - his jukebox at MPL's London HQ is chock-full of his favourite seven inch slices of rock history. But ever one to move onward and upward, Paul follows the dictates of the market.

What I've tried to do here is catalogue the rich array of tracks which Paul has selected for the B-sides of the singles chosen from FLOWERS IN THE DIRT - CDs themselves only have one side, but you know what I mean! It has provided rich pickings, but has also proved to be a bit of a minefield for collectors - Paul's second single taken from the album, 'This One', for example was made available in six different formats! I have endeavoured to list each song only once, avoiding repetition by not listing the various mixes and alternate versions of the same song. I've also only listed singles which were publicly available - not just those made specifically for DJs.

So, let's not have too many distractions, put a brave face on this one, and take a rough ride on this figure of eight, and put it there . . .

FLYING TO MY HOME (B-side of 7" and 12" MY BRAVE FACE, May 1989): A choir of Paul's ushers in a florid church organ which sounds as if it had strayed over from 'The Phantom Of The Opera'. From then on in, it's no-nonsense drums and an irresistible thumping melody underneath Paul's soaring vocals.

I'M GONNA BE A WHEEL SOMEDAY/AIN'T THAT A SHAME (B-side of MY BRAVE FACE 12", CD and cassette, May 1989): Paul's tribute to one of his first rock'n'roll idols, Fats Domino. These two songs were recorded during those fruitful 48 hours in July 1987 which resulted in Paul's legendary CHOBA B CCCP. They both originally appeared on 'The Russian Album'.

THE FIRST STONE (B-side of THIS ONE 7", 12", cassingle, CD single, July 1989): Co-written with band member Hamish Stuart, THE FIRST STONE is a crashing rocker that rattles along like a runaway train and ends with the Biblical caution: 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone'.

GOOD SIGN (B-side of THIS ONE 12", July 1989): Nearly seven minutes worth of hypnotic dance music, all the hallmarks of late 80s dance singles are here - the stuttering, sampled vocals, driving drums and phased effects. Reminiscent of what Paul was achieving with COMING UP 10 years ago. GOOD SIGN was only left off FLOWERS IN THE DIRT at the very last moment.

THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD (B-side of THIS ONE limited edition 7", July 1989): Now this one you might be familiar with! Originally appearing on The Beatles' LET IT BE album, Paul reprised it on record for 1976's WINGS OVER AMERICA and the 1984 soundtrack to GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET. This is a rare studio version, which was featured in the BBC TV special 'Put It There'. It was recorded during the rehearsals for Paul's World Tour, and all done in one take!

I WANNA CRY (B-side of THIS ONE 12" and CD singles, July 1989): A real rarity here. A straight 12-bar blues, which features one of Paul's most heartfelt vocals, and authentic helpings of bluesy electric guitar. Can blue men sing the whites? Sho' nuff!

I'M IN LOVE AGAIN (B-side of THIS ONE 12" and CD singles, July 1989): Appropriately, Paul's third cover of a Fats Domino song, this 1956 song provided the Fat Man with his third US hit single. It was recorded during the CHOBA B CCCP sessions, and reminds you of just how effective Paul can be at evoking that authentic 1950s rock'n'roll sound.

OU EST LE SOLEIL? (B-side of FIGURE OF EIGHT 12", 7" CD and cassingle, November 1989): Familiar as the bonus CD and cassette track of FLOWERS IN THE DIRT, this fractured French song cropped up all over the place in a bewildering variety of mixes. Aimed at Club DJs, its pounding dance rhythms saw Paul return to la belle France for the first time since 'sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble'.

LOVELIEST THING (FIGURE OF EIGHT 5" CD version only, November 1989): Curiouser and curiouser . . . One of Paul's most haunting compositions of late, but only available on the 5" CD. It's classic, under-stated McCartney, and hopefully will be made more widely available sometime in the future.

PARTY PARTY (One-sided etched single included as bonus in the FLOWERS IN THE DIRT - WORLD TOUR PACK, November 1989): Coincidentally, also the title of an Elvis Costello hit from 1982, this is the only - to date - joint composition from Paul's touring band: the alphabetical songwriting credit reads 'P.McCartney/L.McCartney/McIntosh/Stuart/Whitten/Wickens' . It's a funky five and a half minute song, which lives up to its title, and was produced by Paul.

MAMA'S LITTLE GIRL (B-side PUT IT THERE 7", 12" CD and cassingle, January 1990): Beautiful, Country & Western style ballad which starts off with Paul accompanied by a solo acoustic guitar, reminiscent of BLACKBIRD. The rest of Wings then join in to bring this lovely simple song to its conclusion. Recorded during 1975, during the WINGS AT THE SPEED OF SOUND sessions.

SAME TIME NEXT YEAR (B-side PUT IT THERE 12" and CD single, January 1990): Another one that nearly got away, this lavish, orchestrated ballad was recording commenced during the sessions for what proved to be the final Wings album, BACK TO THE EGG.

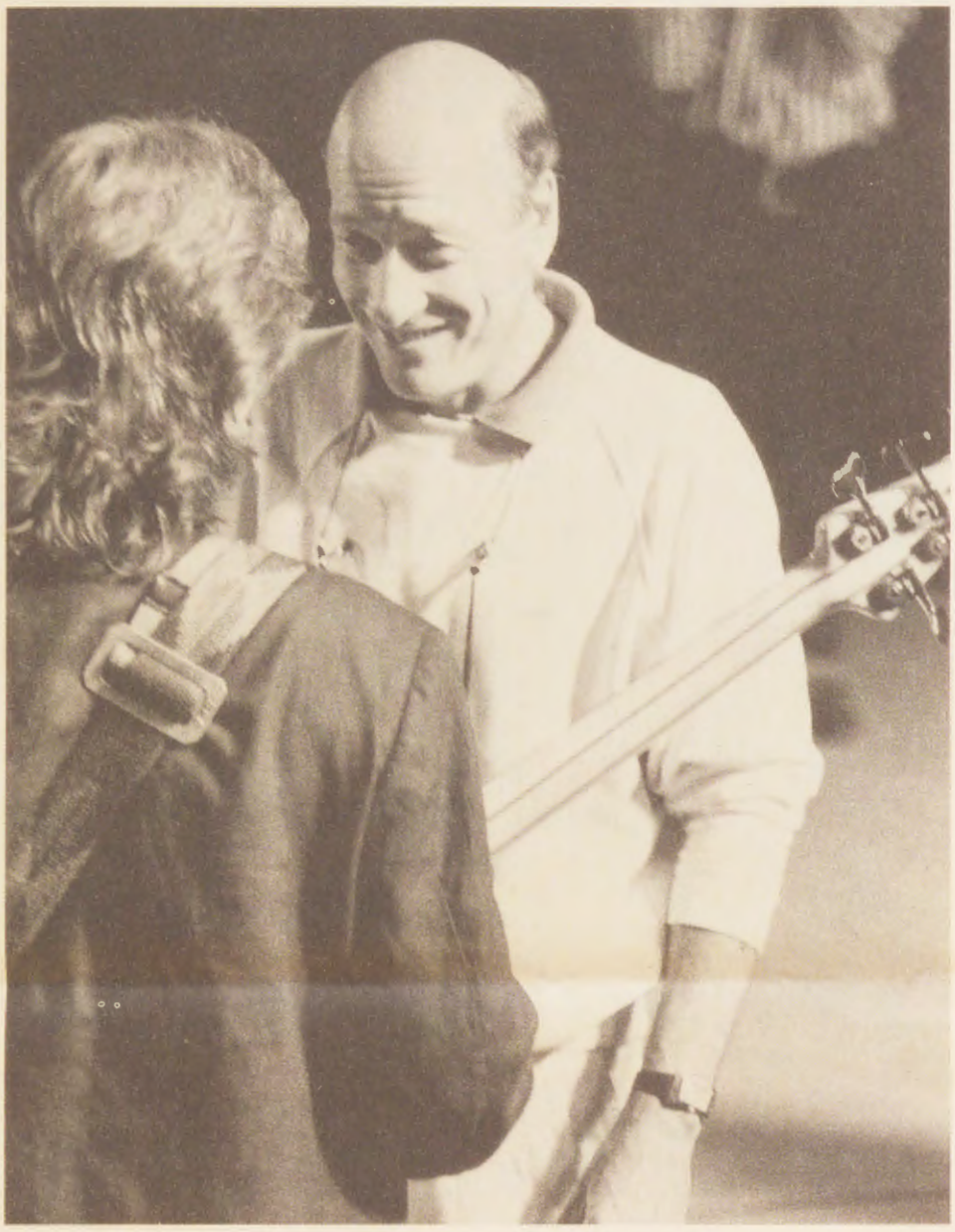
For the time being, th . . . th . . . that's all folks.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

Anyone wishing to try and get hold of copies of any of the rare singles here are advised to look out for copies advertised in the monthly magazine 'Record Collector', 45 St Mary's Road, Ealing, London, W5 5RQ, England.

17 MINUTES OF HISTORY

RICHARD LESTER TELLS HOW HE DISTILLED 25 YEARS TO START THE SHOW WITH A FLASHBACK



All the audiences who have watched the 17 minute Richard Lester film shown before Paul's concerts must have felt like a drowning man who sees his whole life flash before him!

Because the film is shown on three separate screens, fans have had a job catching all the images that flash by. What you're getting up there is not just how Paul has changed since 1964, but how our world has changed. In that film are all the people and events that shaped those changes.

It has been 25 years since American director Richard Lester last worked with Paul - you might just remember their first effort together, A HARD DAY'S NIGHT! That first Beatles film has been called 'the CITIZEN KANE of rock'n'roll movies' so influential did it prove. Richard of course then steered The Beatles through HELP! in 1965, and that was pretty much his last contact with Paul for nearly a quarter of a century, until he was asked to come up with a film to be screened prior to Paul's band taking to the concert stage.

But the 58 year old director has been far from idle in the intervening years - his films have included the critically acclaimed THE BED SITTING ROOM, JUGGERNAUT and ROBIN AND MARIAN as well as the enormously successful THREE MUSKETEERS, CUBA with Sean Connery and SUPERMAN II and SUPERMAN III. But even the man who helped make Superman fly found enormous problems fitting the most eventful 25 years of the 20th Century into 17 minutes. Along with his assistants and researchers, Richard Lester sifted through over 24 hours of archive footage to arrive at the final selection.

In case it all flashed by too fast, here are the edited highlights of the fascinating and revealing film: The songs you hear are A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE; THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD; LIVE AND DIE; SAY,SAY,SAY and THAT DAY IS DONE. The images to match those unforgettable songs brilliantly sum up an age, beginning with The Beatles taking to the stage of Shea Stadium to a barrage of flashbulbs in 1965.

From then on you get glimpses of Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela, the mini skirt, the Maharishi and Beatle home movies from India in 1968. There are Haight Ashbury's hippies, Czechoslovakia's Alexander Dubcek, the 1968 'black power' Olympics, Che Guevara, Bobby Kennedy, the 1969 first men on the moon, Paul and Linda's wedding, Andy Warhol, Jackie Onassis, Woodstock, Vietnam, the troubles beginning in Northern Ireland, Watergate, the oil crisis of the mid-70s, Poland's Solidarity, punk rockers, Live Aid, ET, Ronald Reagan, the Falklands War, Gorbachev, the death of the Ayatollah, the destruction of the Brazillian rain forests and that final, searing image of the 1980s of the lone, unidentified Chinese student facing the tanks in Tiananmen Square.

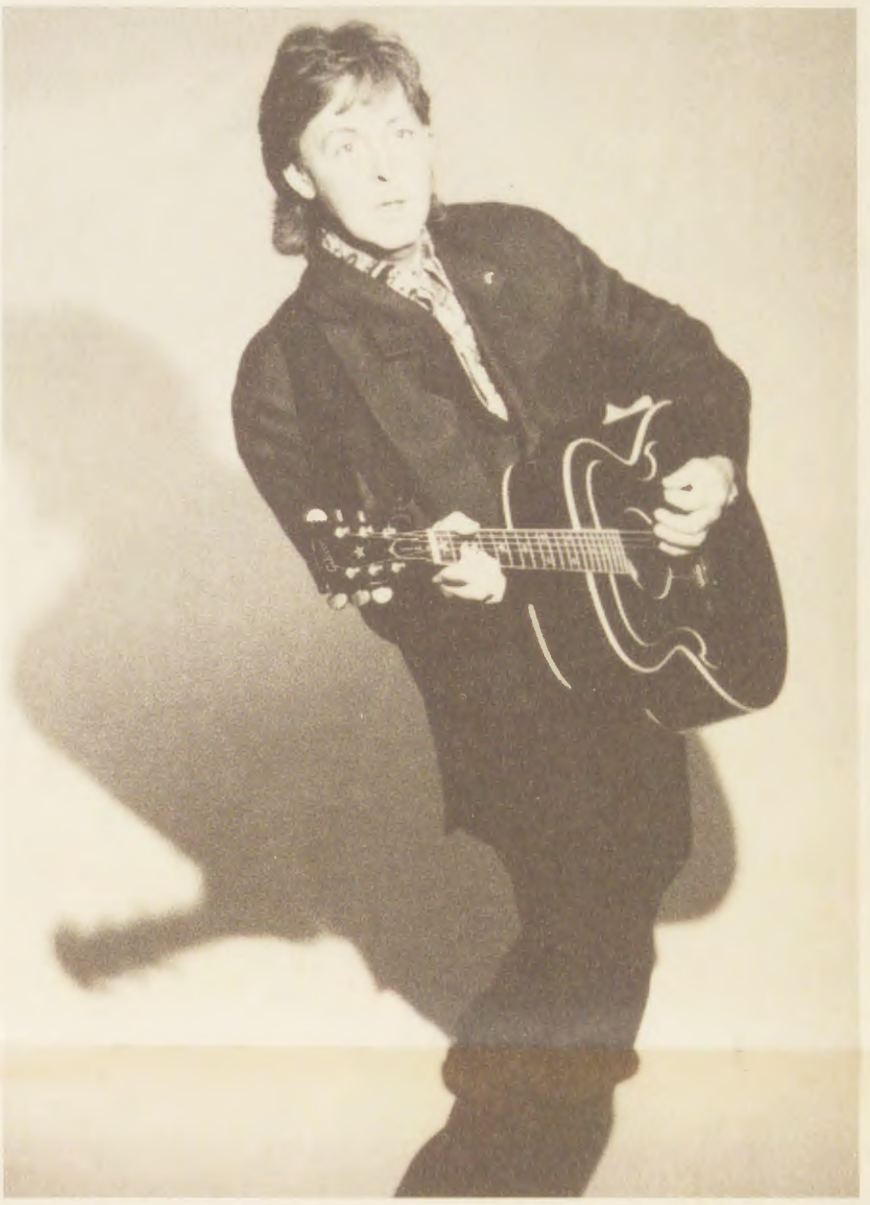
Paul's renewed collaboration with Richard Lester continues into the 1990s, he is currently making a film of Paul's tour which will incorporate some of the memorable images already seen on a video screen near you.

It would hardly have been fair for any band to open up for Paul McCartney in concert, but Richard Lester's brilliantly evocative film proved the perfect appetiser for the feast that followed.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF ELVIS

PAUL CONTRIBUTES TO A UNIQUE COMPILATION



THE LAST TEMPTATION OF ELVIS is a double album/cassette/CD release put together by London's New Musical Express' Roy Carr, with all proceeds going to the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Charity. It features 25 contemporary acts covering their favourite songs from Elvis Presley's movies.

Paul contributes a beautiful version of Elvis' No.1 hit from 1960, 'It's Now Or Never.' As you know, Nordoff-Robbins is a charity Paul has been closely associated with for some years, and which will also benefit from his appearance at Knebworth in June.

Roy Carr was the moving force behind the 1988 album SGT.PEPPER KNEW MY FATHER, where various acts such as The Christians, Billy Bragg, Michelle Shocked and The Wedding Present covered The Beatles' classic SGT.PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND album from beginning to end. All the profits from that project (nearly £1,000,000) went to Esther Rantzen's Childline charity.

Obviously following up such a successful project was a problem, and Roy - who is NME's Special Projects editor - spent months and months wondering just how to do it. Then one night he watched the BBC documentary about Nordoff-Robbins which featured Paul, and realised he'd found his next project!

Paul was the first artist Roy approached, and found the combination of Elvis Presley and Nordoff-Robbins irresistible. Once the word got round the music industry that Paul McCartney had given the thumbs up to the Project, other stars flocked in, and the final track listing now looks like this:-

Side 1
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN:
Viva Las Vegas
SYDNEY YOUNGBLOOD:
(Let Me Be Your) Teddy Bear
TANITA TIKARAM: Loving You
ROBERT PLANT:
Let's Have A Party
THE POGUES:
Got a Lot O'Livin' To Do
HOLLY JOHNSON:
Love Me Tender

Side 2
PAUL McCARTNEY:
It's Now Or Never
DION DIMUCCI:
Mean Woman Blues
THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN:
Guitar Man
CATH CARROLL & STEVE
ALBINI: King Creole
AARON NEVILLE:
Young & Beautiful
VIVIAN STANSHALL:
(There's) No Room To Rhumba
In A Sports Car
THE PRIMITIVES:
(You're So Square) Baby I Don't
Care

Side 3
DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES:
Can't Help Falling In Love
THE REGGAE PHILHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA: Crawfish
IAN McCULLOCH:
Return To Sender
FUZZBOX: Trouble
THE HOLLOW MEN:
Thanks To The Rolling Sea
THE BLOW MONKEYS:
Follow That Dream
LEMMY & THE UPSETTERS WITH
MICK GREEN: Blue Suede Shoes

Side 4
NANCI GRIFFITH: Wooden Heart
THE JEFF HEALEY BAND:
Down In The Alley
THE CRAMPS: Jailhouse Rock
LES NEGRESSES VERTES :
Marguerita
POP WILL EAT ITSELF:
Rock-A-Hula Baby
ELVIS PRESLEY:
King Of The Whole Wide World

An all star cast paying tribute to the King of Rock'n'Roll - and all for a good cause. None of these songs have ever appeared on record before - even the Elvis song is an unreleased out-take from 1962 - and will only be available on this collection.

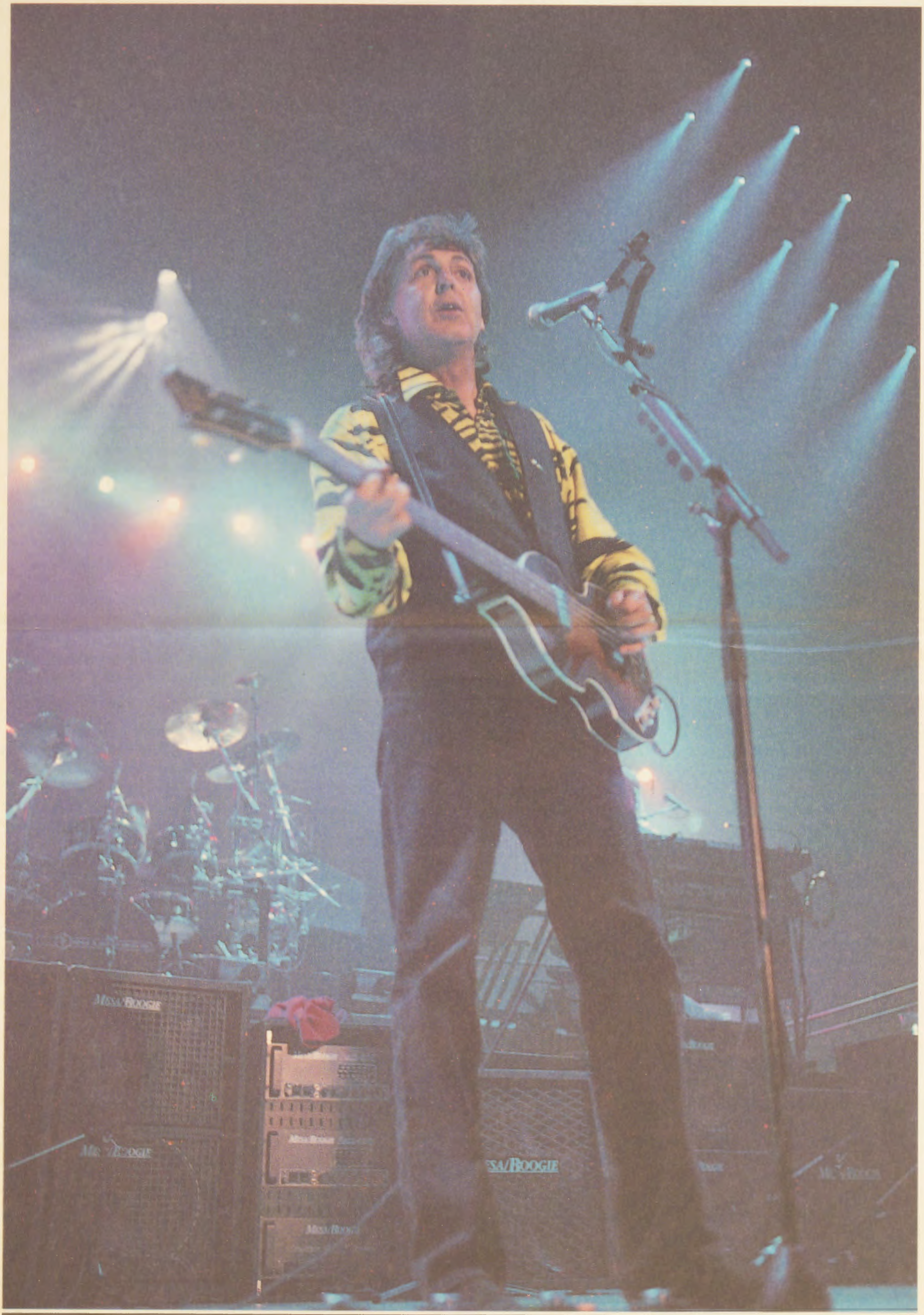
Trivia fans may care to note that Paul appears alongside fellow Scousers Holly Johnson and Ian McCulloch; that Mick Green (formerly of Johnny Kidd & The Pirates) appears playing guitar on Paul's track and on Lemmy's riotous reading of 'Blue Suede Shoes' and that Vivian Stanshall used to sing with the Bonzo Dog Band, whose 1968 hit 'Urban Spaceman' Paul produced under the pseudonym 'Apollo C. Vermouth!'

Paul's version of 'It's Now Or Never' was recorded during the 1987 sessions for the CHOBA B CCCP album, and features Paul McCartney (vocals, bass); Mick Green (guitar); Mickey Gallagher (keyboards) and Chris Whitten (drums). Elvis Presley's original version of 'It's Now Or Never' was released in July 1960, and gave him his longest ever run on the UK No.1 slot, from 30th October to 25th December 1960.

At the moment, THE LAST TEMPTATION OF ELVIS is only available by post. UK readers of CLUB SANDWICH can obtain the CD for £9.95, the double album and Cassette for £7.95 each. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to IPC Magazines Ltd and addressed to NME/ELVIS OFFER, Ablex Audio Video Harcourt, Halesfield 14, Telford, TF7 4QR, England. Overseas readers should send an International Money Order payable to IPC Magazines Ltd. All prices include postage and packing. Please don't contact either CLUB SANDWICH or NME for further details, all enquiries should be sent to the above address, quoting your cheque number and date of postage. Please allow 28 days for delivery. Remember, this is the only way you'll be able to hear Paul's lovely version of this beautiful Elvis song.

Your money will go to help handicapped children for whom music provides a valuable outlet. Trained Nordoff-Robbins therapists find music helps draw children out of their isolation. As well as helping them, you'll be sharing in what will undoubtedly prove the musical highlight of 1990.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES



CLUB SANDWICH NO.54 © 1990 MPL COMMUNICATIONS LTD ISSN 0262-9054 PUBLISHED BY THE PAUL MCCARTNEY FUN CLUB, PO BOX 4UP,LONDON W1A 4UP
PHOTOS: BILL BERNSTEIN, ROSS HALFIN, JOHN KELLY, LINDA MCCARTNEY, PETER MOUNTAIN, NEAL PRESTON,ALAN SILFEN AND VARIOUS UNNAMED SNAPPERS AROUND THE WORLD
DESIGN AND PRODUCTION CO-ORDINATION BY ROGER HUGGETT/SINC PRINTED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM BY THE PENSORD PRESS